

A Non-Linear Narrative

The passage was constructed of Brutalist concrete blocks leading to narrow access points from which it was possible to reach the next area.

Jim was a collapsar personality, a black hole in the space of his personal universe.

Goats ran wildly across the field. In the far corner, a herd of sheep eyed them unenthusiastically.

Thrust and flick and push and stop and turn and go again. Each dancer in the line feeling in their gut the timing and the pheromone powered shape of progression.

Some chairs were arranged in an empty room.

Somewhere on the nightside of the planet two men were passing in the street when one of them struck the other in the face with an old worn out, leather glove.

Thousands of miles away it was dawn and there weren't any tea bags.

The Lee-Enfield 303 rifle floated in the air behaving, for all the world, like a fairground balloon. The rifle was suspended in apparent reverse gravity on the end of a piece of string held by a pug-faced child with pimples.

Kelly and Jones resumed their perpetual haggling about the ragged jacket and a rain cloud burst outside the open window.

June and Fran spent 25 minutes walking in and out of the living room, repeatedly sidestepping in the doorway to avoid each other. The room still had ashtrays, like something out of the 20th Century.